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THE KING
OF THE
BEGGARS;
OR, THE HISTORY OF
Bamfylde Moore Carew;
WHO WAS THE
SON OF A GENTLEMAN NEAR PLYMOUTH,
AND
Ran away from his Father and joined a
GANG OF GIPSIES,
DETAILING THE NUMEROUS
TRICKS AND IMPOSITIONS
Practised by him in various disguises.

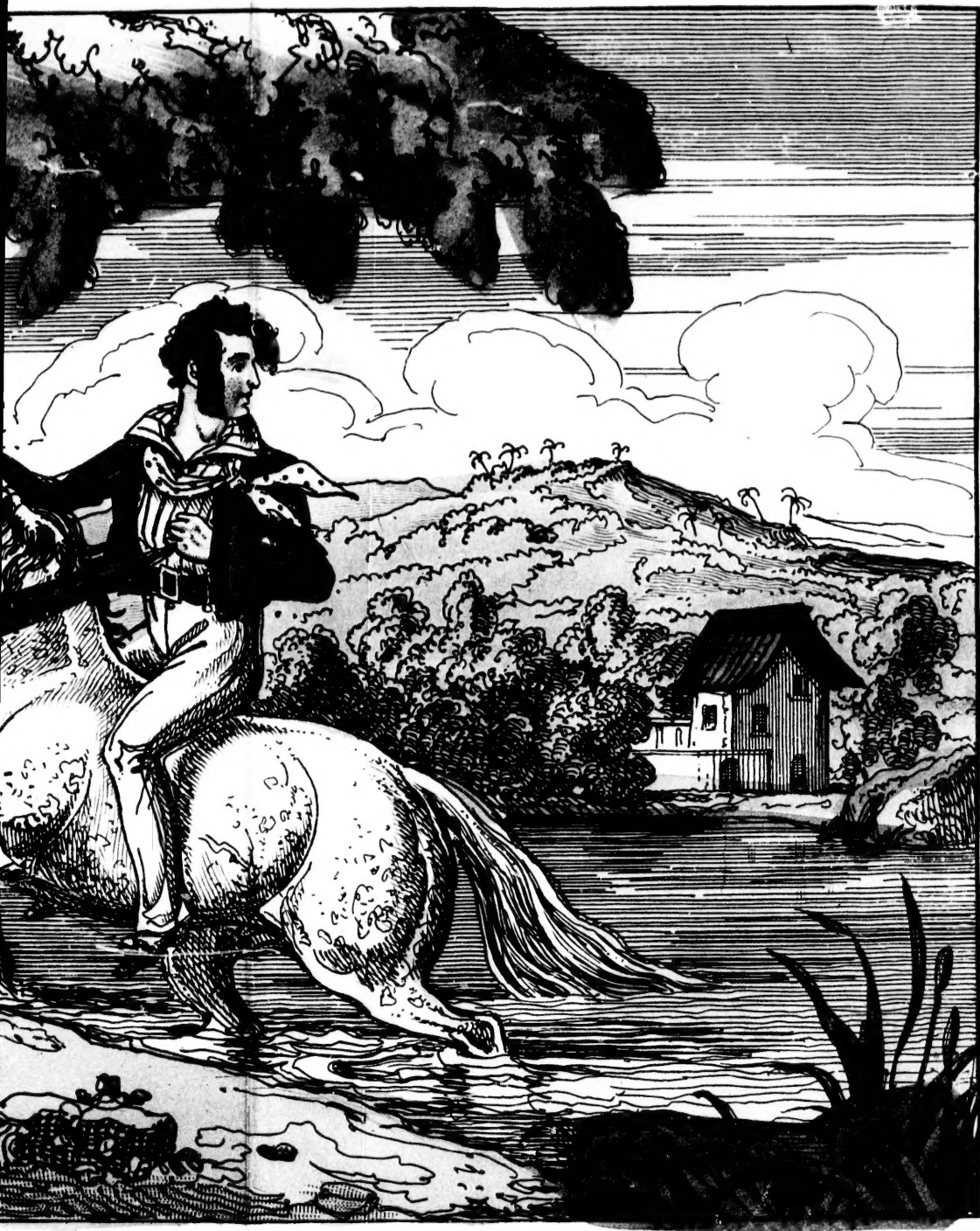
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BAMFYLD MOOR

Published by Richardson.



ALDE MOORE CAREW.

Published by Richardson, Derby

THE KING

BEGGARS

ON THE HISTORY OF

Blindfolded Man Carved

AND

ON A SCULPTURE IN THE MUSEUM

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THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

Mr. Bamfylde Moore Carew was descended from an ancient family of the Carews, son of the Rev. Mr. Theodore Carew, of the parish of Bickley near Tiverton, in the county of Devon. Mr. Carew was born in the month of July, 1793; and never was there known a more splendid appearance at any baptism in the West of England, than at his; the Hon. Hugh Bamfylde, Esq. and the Hon. Major Moore, were his illustrious godfathers, both of whose names he bears; Mr Bamfylde presented him a piece of plate, whereon was engraved, in large letters, **BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW**.

As he increased in years he grew majestic, his limbs strong and well proportioned, his features regular, his countenance open and ingenuous, bearing all those characteristical marks which physiognomists assert, denote an honest and good-natured mind.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, sons and daughters, besides Bamfylde. At twelve years of age Bamfylde was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with young gentlemen of the first rank in Somersetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and Dorsetshire.

He attained for his age, a very considerable knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues; but soon a new exercise engaged all his attention: this was hunting, in which he soon made a most surprising progress; for, besides that agility and courage necessary for leaping, &c. by indefatigable study and application, added to it a remarkable cheering halloo to the dogs, and which we believe was peculiar to himself; and, besides this, found out a secret, hitherto unknown but to himself, of enticing any dog to follow him.

The Tiverton scholars had at this time the command of a fine cry of hounds, whereby he had frequent opportunities of gratifying his inclinations in that diversion.

It happened that a farmer, living in the country adjacent to Tiverton, who was a great sportsman, and used to hunt with the Tiverton scholars, acquainted them of a fine deer which he had seen, with a collar about its neck, in the fields about his farm, which he supposed to be the favourite deer of some gentleman not far off: this was very agreeable news to the Tiverton scholars, who went in a great body to hunt

It; this happened a short time before harvest; the chase was very hot, and they ran the deer many miles, which did great damage, the corn being almost ripe. Upon the death of the deer, and examination of the collar, it was found to belong to Colonel Nutcombe, of the parish of Clayhanger. Those farmers and gentlemen, that sustained great damage, complained very heavily to Mr. Rayner, the school-master, of the havock made in their fields, which occasioned strict inquiry to be made concerning the ringleaders, who proved to be our hero and his companions, who on being severely threatened, absented themselves from school, and the next evening fell into company with a society of gipsies, who were feasting and carousing at the Brick-house near Tiverton. This society consisted of seventeen or eighteen persons of both sexes, who met with a full purpose of merriment and jollity; and after a plentiful meal upon fowls, ducks, and other dainty dishes, the flowing cups of October cider, &c., went cheerfully round, and merry songs and country dances crowned the jovial banquet: in short so great an air of freedom, mirth, and pleasure, appeared in the faces and gestures of this society, that our youngsters from that time conceived a sudden inclination to enlist in their company; which, when they communicated to the gipsies, they, considering their appearance, behaviour, and education, regarded it as only spoken in jest; but, as they tarried there all night in their company, and continued in the same resolution the next morning, they were at length induced to admit them into their number, the proper oaths being first administered.

Thus was Mr. Carew initiated into the mysteries of a society which for antiquity needs give place to none. He did not continue long in it without being consulted in important matters; particularly by Madam Musgrove, of Monkton, near Taunton, who hearing of his fame, sent for him to consult in an affair of difficulty. When he was come, she informed him that she suspected a large quantity of money was buried somewhere about her house, and if he would acquaint her with the particular place, should reward him handsomely.

Our hero informed the lady, that under a laurel tree in the garden lay the treasure she sought for, but that her planet of good fortune did not reign till such a day and hour, till which time she should desist from searching for it. The good lady rewarded him very generously with twenty guineas for his discovery.

In the meantime, his parents were not able to get the least tidings of him, though they publicly advertised him

and sent messengers to every part; till, at the expiration of a year and a half, his heart melted with tenderness, and he repaired to his father's house at Bickley, in Devonshire. Disguised both in habit and countenance, he was not at first known; but when he discovered himself, joy gushed out in full streams, stopping the power of speech: they bedewed his cheeks with tears, and imprinted them with their kisses.

For some time unsatisfied longings after the community of gipsies preyed on his mind; long did filial piety and his inclinations struggle for the victory; at length the last prevailed. One day, therefore, without taking leave of any of his friends, he directed his steps towards the Brick-house, at Tiverton, when finding some of the gipsies there, he joined their company, to the great satisfaction of them all.

Being again admitted at the first general assembly of the gipsies, he was soon after sent out on a cruize upon their enemies. The first efforts that occurred to his thoughts were, the equipping himself with an old pair of trowsers, enough of a jacket to cover his nakedness, stockings such as nature gave, shoes which had leaks enough to sink a first-rate man-of-war, and a woollen cap so black, that one might safely swear it had never been washed. He became now nothing more nor less than an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman. In his first excursion he gained a very considerable booty, having imitated the passes and certificates that were necessary for him to travel unmolested, and proceeded to Totness, and from thence to the city of Exeter, where he raised a contribution in one day amounting to several pounds.

He next became the plain, honest, country farmer, who, living in the Isle of Sheppy, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. His habit was neat, but rustic; his air and behaviour simple and inoffensive; his speech in the Kentish dialect; his countenance dejected; his tale pitiful; his wife and seven tender helpless infants being partakers of his misfortunes; in short, never did actor personate any character more just, seldom getting less than a guinea a day.

He once gave a handsome gratuity to an expert and famous rat-catcher (who assumed the honour of being rat-catcher to the King), to be initiated into that art, and the still more useful secret of curing madness in dogs or cattle.

Our hero soon attained so considerable a knowledge in his profession, that he practised with much success and applause, to the great advantage of the public.

Forming a new stratagem, he exchanged his habit, shirt, and all, for only an old blanket; shoes and stockings he laid aside, because they did not suit his present purpose. Being

thus accoutred, or ratner unaccoutred, he was now no more than

Poor Mad Tom, whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, through ford, and whirlpool, and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud at heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch bridges; to curse his own shadow for a traitor; who eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat and ditch dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool:

"And mice, and rats, and such small gear,
Have been Tom's food for many a year!"

In this character, and with such like expressions, he entered the houses of both great and small, claiming kindred to them, and committing all manner of frantic actions; by which means he raised very considerable contributions.

But these different habits and characters were still of further use to our hero, for by their means he had a fairer opportunity of seeing the world than most of our youths who make the grand tour; for he had none of those pretty amusements and rare-shows, that so much divert our young gentlemen abroad, to engage his attention; it was wholly applied to the study of mankind, their various passions and inclinations; and he made the greater improvement in this study, as in many of his characters they acted before him without reserve or disguise.

All these observations afforded him no little pleasure, but he felt a much greater in the indulgence of the emotions of filial piety, paying his parents frequent visits, unknown to them, in different disguises; at which time the tenderness he saw them express for him in their inquiries after him (it being their constant custom so to do of all travellers) always melted him into real tears.

Our hero not being satisfied with the observations he had made in England and Wales, was resolved to see other countries and manners. He was the more inclined to this, as he imagined it would enable him to be of greater service to the community of which he was a member, by rendering him capable of executing some of his stratagems with much greater success. He communicated his design to Escot, one of those who commenced a gipsy with him, (for neither of the four wholly quitted that community.) Escot very readily agreed to accompany him in his travels, and there being a ship ready to sail for Newfoundland, lying at Dartmouth, where they then were, they agreed to embark on board her,

being called the Mainsail, commanded by captain Holdsworth. Nothing remarkable happened in their passage which relates to our hero; we shall therefore pass by it, and land him safe in Newfoundland.

Our hero did not spend his time useless, or even without entertainment in this uncomfortable country. During the fishing season he therefore visited Torbay, Kittaway, Carboneer, Brigas Bay, Bay of Bulls, Petty Harbour, Cape Broil, Bonavist, and all the other settlements both English and French, accurately making himself fully acquainted with the names, circumstances, and characters, of all the inhabitants of any note: the great bank of Newfoundland, which is a mountain of sand, lying under the sea, about 450 miles in length.

The fishing season being over, and our hero having made all the observations that he thought might be useful to him, returned again in the Mainsail to Dartmouth, from whence he had first sailed, bringing with him a surprising fierce and large dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb, by an art peculiar to himself. Our hero was received with great joy by his fellow gipsies, and they were loud in his praises when they understood he had taken this voyage to enable him to deceive their enemies with the greater success. He accordingly, in a few days, went in the character of a shipwrecked seaman, homeward bound from Newfoundland, sometimes belonging to Pool, sometimes to other ports, and under such or such commanders, according as the newspapers gave account of such melancholy accidents.

He now being able to give a very exact account of Newfoundland, the settlements, harbours, fishery, and inhabitants thereof, he applied with great confidence, to masters of vessels, and gentlemen well acquainted with those parts; so that those whom before his prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greatest benefactors, as the perfect account he gave of the country engaged them to give credit to all he asserted, and made them very liberal in his favour.

It was in Newcastle upon Tyne that he became enamoured with the daughter of Mr. G——y, an eminent apothecary and surgeon there. This young lady had charms sufficient to captivate the heart of any man, not unsusceptible of love, and they made so deep an impression on him that they wholly effaced every object which before had created any desire in him, and never permitted any other to raise them afterwards; for, wonderful to tell! we have, after about thirty years' enjoyment, seen him lament her occasional absence almost with tears, and talk of her with all the fondness of one

who has been in love with her but three days. Our hero tried all love's soft persuasions with his fair one in an honourable way; and as his person was very engaging, and his appearance very genteel, he did not find her greatly averse to his proposals. As he was aware that his being of the community of the gipsies might prejudice her against him without examination, he passed with her for the mate of a collier's vessel, in which he was supported by Capt. L—n, of Dartmouth, an old acquaintance of his, who then commanded a vessel lying at Newcastle, and acknowledged him for his mate. These assertions satisfied the young lady, and she at length consented to exchange the tender care and love of a parent for that of a husband; and he made use of such persuasive arguments, that she agreed to elope from her parents, and to go on board Capt. L—n's vessel: they soon hoisted sail, and the very winds being willing to favour these happy lovers, they had an exceeding quick passage to Dartmouth, where they landed. In a few days they set out for Bath, where they lawfully solemnized their nuptials with great gaiety and splendour, but nobody at that time could conjecture who they were, which was the occasion of much speculation, and false surmises.

Our lovers began to be at length weary of the same repeated rounds of pleasure at Bath, they therefore paid a visit to the city of Bristol, where they staid some time, and caused more speculation than they had done at Bath, and did as much damage to that city as the famous Lucullus did at Rome, on his return from his victorious expeditions; for we have some reason to think they first introduced the love of dress and gaiety amongst those plain and frugal citizens. After some stay here, they made a tour through Somersetshire and Dorsetshire into Hampshire, where they paid a visit to an uncle of our hero's, living at Parchester, near Gosport, who was a clergyman of distinguished merit and character; here they were received with great kindness and hospitality, and staid a considerable time. His uncle made him very lucrative offers for the present, and future promises of making him heir to all his possessions; yet remembering his engagements with the gipsies, he rejected them all, and reflecting now that he had long lived useless to that community, he began to prepare for his departure from his uncle's, in order to make some excursions on the enemy: and to do this with more effect, he bethought himself of a new stratagem; he therefore equips himself in a black loose gown, puts on a band, a large white peruke, and a broad-brimmed hat: his whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow; his countenance

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thoughtful and grave, his eyes turned on the ground, but now and then raised in seeming ejaculations to heaven : in every look and action he betrayed his want, but at the same time seemed overwhelmed with that shame which modest merit feels when it is obliged to solicit the cold hand of charity : his behaviour excited the curiosity of many gentlemen, clergymen, &c. to inquire into the circumstances of his misfortunes ; but it was with difficulty they could engage him to relate them, it being with much seeming reluctance that he acquainted them with his having exercised for many years the sacred office of a clergyman at Abberystuth, in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice (though he had a wife and several children), to taking an oath contrary to his principles and conscience. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, deep marks of admiration of the ways of providence, and warm expressions of his firm trust and reliance in his goodness and faithfulness, with high encomiums on the inward satisfaction of a good conscience. When he discoursed with any clergyman, or other person of literature, he would now and then introduce some Latin and Greek sentences that were applicable to what he was talking of, which gave his hearers a high opinion of his learning : all this, and his thorough knowledge of those persons whom it was proper to apply to, made this stratagem succeed even beyond his own expectations.

So active was his mind that he was never happier than when engaged in some adventure or other ; therefore when he had no opportunity of putting any great stratagem in execution, he would amuse himself with those which did not require so great a share of art and ingenuity : whenever he heard of any melancholy accident by fire, he immediately repaired to the place where it happened, and there remarking very accurately the spot, inquiring into the cause of it, and getting an exact information of the trades, characters, families, and circumstances of the sufferers, he immediately assumed the person and name of one of them, and burning some part of his coat or hat, as an ocular demonstration of his narrow escape, he made the best of his way to places at some distance, and there passed for one who had been burnt out ; and to gain the greater credit, showed a paper signed with the names of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the place where the fire happened, recommending him as an honest unhappy sufferer ; by which he obtained considerable gains. Coming one day to Squire Portman's, at Brinson, near Blandford, in the character of a rat-catcher, he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his

person was well known by the family ; and meeting in the court with Mr. Portman, the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen whom he well knew, he accosted them as a rat-catcher, asking if their honour had any rats to kill. "Do you understand your business well?" replies Mr. Portman. "Yes, and please your honour, I have been employed in his Majesty's yards and ships." "Well, go in and get some thing to eat, and after dinner we will try your abilities." After which he was called into a parlour, among a large company of gentlemen and ladies. "Well, honest rat-catcher," says Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes," replied Bamfylde, "I shall lay it where even the cats cannot climb to reach it." "And what countryman are you?" "A Devonshire man, please your honour." "What's your name?" Our hero now perceiving, by some smiles and whisperings of the gentlemen, that he was known, replied very composedly, "B,a,m,f,y,l,d,e M,o,o,r,e C,a,r,e,w." This occasioned a good deal of mirth ; and Bamfylde asking, what scabby sheep had infected the whole flock, was told, Parson Bryant was the man who had discovered him, none of the other gentlemen knowing him under this disguise ; upon which, turning to the parson, he asked him if he had forgot good King Charles's rules. Mr. Pleydell, of St. Andrews, Melbourne, expressed a pleasure at seeing the famous Bamfylde Moore Carew, saying, he had never seen him before. "Yes, but you have," replies he, "and given me a suit of clothes." Mr. Pleydell testified some surprise at this, and desired to know when it was. Mr. Carew asked him if he did not remember a poor wretch meeting him one day at his stable door, with an old stocking round his head instead of a cap, and an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulder, no shirt on his back, nor stockings on his legs, and scarce any shoes on his feet ; and that Mr. Pleydell asked him if he was mad ; he replied no, but a poor unfortunate man, cast away on the coast, and taken up, with eight others, by a Frenchman, the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being all drowned ; and that Mr. Pleydell having asked him what countryman he was, gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes. Mr. Pleydell said, he well remembered such a poor object. "Well," replied our hero, "that object was no other than the expert rat-catcher now before you," at which the company laughed very heartily. "Well," says Mr. Pleydell, "I will lay a guinea I shall know you again come in what shape you will:" the same said Mr. Seymour, of Hanford. Some of the company asserting to the contrary of this, they desired our hero to try his ingenuity upon them, and then discover himself, to convince them of it.

A few days after the barber was called in to make his face as smooth as his art could do, and a woman's gown and other female accoutrements of the largest size were provided for him: yet our hero thought of something else to render his disguise more impenetrable: he therefore borrowed a little hump-backed child of a tinker, and two more of some others of his community. Thus accoutred, and thus hung with helpless infants, he marched forward for Mr. Pleydell's. He went into the court-yard, understanding the gentlemen were not in the house; he had not been long there, before the gentlemen all came in together, who accosted him with, "Where did you come from, old woman?" "From Kirton, please your honours, where the poor unhappy mother of these poor helpless babes was burnt to death by the flames, and all they had consumed." "Damn you," said one of the gentlemen (well known by the name of Worthy Sir, and particularly with Mr. Carew), "there has been more money collected for Kirton, than ever Kirton was worth." However he gave this old grandmother a shilling: the other gentlemen likewise relieving her. But the gentlemen were not got into the house, before their ears were saluted with a tantivee, tantivee, and a balloo to the dogs — upon which they turned about, supposing it to be some brother sportsman; but seeing nobody, Worthy Sir swore the old woman they had relieved was Carew; a servant therefore was dispatched to bring the old woman back, and she was brought into the parlour among the gentlemen, where being examined, she confessed what she was, which made the gentlemen very merry: they afterwards rewarded him for the mirth he had procured them.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader, that these successful stratagems gained him high applause and honour in the community of the gipsies. These honours and applauses were so many fresh spurs to his ingenuity. Our hero, therefore, was continually planning new stratagems, and soon executed a very bold one on his Grace the Duke of Bolton: being introduced into the hall, where the Duke was to pass through — he had not been long there before the Duke came in, upon which he very graciously offered a paper to his hand for acceptance, which was a petition, setting forth, that the unfortunate petitioner, Bamfylde Moore Carew was supercargo of a vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were his whole effects, none of which he had been able to save. The Duke seeing the name of Bamfylde Moore Carew, and knowing those names to belong to families of the greatest worth and note in the West of England, treated him with respect, and called a servant to conduct him into a room,

where the Duke's barber waited on him to shave him; and presently after came in a footman, who brought in a good suit of trimmed clothes, a fine Holland shirt, and all other parts of dress suitable to these. On his departure the Duke made him a present of fifty pounds.

As our hero's thoughts were bent upon making still greater advantage of this stratagem, he did not stay long with his brethren, but went to a reputed inn, where he lodged, and set out the next morning for Salisbury. Here he presented his petition to the Mayor, Bishop, and other gentlemen of great note and fortune, and acquainted them with the favours he had received from his Grace the Duke of Bolton: the gentlemen having ocular demonstration of the Duke's liberality, treated him with great complaisance and respect, and relieved him very generously, not presuming to offer any small alms to one whom the Duke of Bolton had thought so worthy of notice.

Being one morning near the seat of his great friend, Sir William Courtney, he was resolved to pay him three visits that day. He goes therefore to a house frequented by his order, and there pulls off his fine clothes, and puts on a parcel of rags. In this dress he moves off towards Sir William's; there, with a piteous moan, a dismal countenance, and deplorable tale, he got half a crown of that gentleman, as a man who had met with misfortunes at sea: at noon he puts on a leather apron, a coat which seemed scorched by the fire, and with a dejected countenance, applied again, and was then relieved as an unfortunate shoemaker, who had been burnt out of his house, and lost all he had; in the afternoon he goes again in his trimmed clothes, and, desiring admittance to Sir William, with a modest grace and submissive eloquence, he repeats his misfortunes as a supercargo of a vessel which had been east away, and his whole effects lost, at the same time mentioning the kindness he had received from his Grace the Duke of Bolton. Sir William, seeing his genteel appearance and behaviour, treated him with that respect which the truly great will always pay to those who supplicate their assistance, and generously relieved him, presenting him with a guinea at his departure. There happened to be at that time a great number of the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy at dinner with Sir William; not one of whom discovered who this supercargo was, except the Rev. Mr. Richards, who did not make it known till he was gone; upon which Sir William dispatched a servant after him, to desire him to come back: when he entered the room again, Sir William and the rest of the company were very merry with him, and he was desired to sit down and give

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them an account by what stratagem he had obtained all his finery, and what success he had had with it, which he did; after which he asked Sir William if he had not bestowed half a crown that morning on a beggar, and about noon relieved a poor unfortunate shoemaker; "I remember," replied Sir William, "that I bestowed such alms on a poor ragged wretch." "Well," says Mr. Carew, "that poor ragged wretch was no other than the supercargo now before you." Sir William scarcely crediting this, Mr. Carew withdrew, and putting on the same rags, came again with the same piteous moan, the same dismal countenance, and the same deplorable tale as he had done in the morning, which fully convinced Sir William that he was the same man, and occasioned no little diversion to the company.

It was about this time the good old king of the gipsies, named Clause Patch, finished a life of true glory, being spent in promoting the welfare of his people. A little before his death, finding his final dissolution approach, he called together all his children, to the number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his subjects as were within any convenient distance, being willing that the last spark of his life should go out in the service of his people.

The venerable old king was brought in a high chair, and placed in the midst of them, his children standing next to him, and his subjects behind them.—For some time the king of the mendicants sat contemplating the emotions of his subjects, then bending forwards he thus addressed them: "Children and friends, or rather may I call you all my children, as I regard you all with a paternal love, I have taken you from your daily employments, that you may all eat and drink with me before I die; but before you depart, the books shall be examined, and every one of you shall receive, from my private purse, the same sum that you made by your business this day of the last week: let not this act of generosity displease my hearers—it is the last waste I shall make of their stores; the rest of what I die possessed is theirs of right, but my counsel, though directed to them only, shall be a public good to all. The good success, my dear children, with which it has pleased heaven to bless my industry in this our calling, has given me the power of bestowing one hundred pounds on each of you—a small fortune but improveable; and is of more use, as it is a proof that every one of you may gain as much as the whole, if your own idleness or vice prevent not: mark by what means! Our community, like people of all other professions, live upon the necessities, the passions, or weakness of their fellow-creatures. The two great passions of the human breast are vanity and pity; both these

have great power upon men's actions, but the first greater far, and he who can attract these the most successfully, will gain the largest fortune. A real scene of affliction moves few hearts to pity; dissembled wretchedness is what most reaches the human mind, and I am past dissembling. Take, therefore, among you, the maxims I have laid down as my own guide, and use them with as much success as I have done.

"Trouble not yourselves about the nobility — prosperity has made them vain and insensible; they cannot pity what they can never feel.

"Some people show you in their looks the whole thoughts of their heart, and give you a fine notice how to succeed with them. If you meet a sorrowful countenance with a red coat, be sure the wearer is a disbanded officer; let a female always attack him, and tell him she is the widow of a poor marine, who had served twelve years, and then broke his heart because he was turned out without a penny: if you see a plain man hang down his head as he comes out of a nobleman's gate, tell him — "Good worthy Sir, I beg your pardon, but I am a poor ruined tradesman, that once was in good business, but the great people would not pay me!" And if you see a pretty woman with a dejected look, send your first sister that is at hand to complain to her of a bad husband that gets drunk and beats her, that runs to whores, and has spent all her substance. There are but two things that can make a handsome woman melancholy — the having a bad husband, or the having no husband at all; if the first of these is the case, one of the former crimes will touch her to the quick, and loosen the strings of her purse; if the other, let the second distressed object tell her that she was to have been married well, but that her lover died a week before: one way or other the tender heart of the female will be melted, and the reward will be handsome. Many more things there are I have to speak of, but my feeble tongue will not allow me to speak them; profit by these, they will be found sufficient, and if they prove to you, my children, what they have been these eighteen years to me, I shall not repine at my dissolution." Here he paused for some time, being almost spent; then recovering his spirits, he thus began again: "As I find the lamp of life is not quite extinguished, I shall employ the little of it that remains in taking a view of my public conduct, as your king: I call heaven to witness that I have loved you all with a parental love; these now feeble limbs and broken spirits have been worn out in providing for your welfare. I call you all to witness that I have kept an impartial register of your actions, and no merit has been passed unnoticed. And

for all these I have had my reward, in seeing the happiness, and having the love of all my subjects. I depart, therefore, in peace, to rest with my fathers: it remains only that I give you my last advice; which is, that in choosing my successor, you pay no parental regard to my family, but let him only who is most worthy rule over you." He said no more, but leaning back in his chair, expired without a sigh.

Before the day appointed for the election, a vast concourse of mendicants flocked from all parts of the kingdom to the city of London.

When the day of election came, our hero was one of the candidates, and exhibited to the electors so long a list of bold and ingenious stratagems which he had executed, and made so graceful and majestic an appearance in his person, that he was chosen by a considerable majority (though there were ten candidates for the same honour), upon which he was duly elected, and hailed by the whole of the assembly, King of the Mendicants: the public register of their actions being immediately committed to his care, and homage done him by all the assembly, the whole concluded with great feasting and rejoicing.

Though Mr. Carew was now privileged by the dignity of his office from going out on a cruize, and was provided with every thing necessary by the joint contributions of the community; yet he did not give himself up to that slow poison of the mind, indolence. Our hero, therefore, notwithstanding the particular privilege of his office, was as active in his stratagems as ever, and ready to encounter any difficulties which seemed to promise success.

The great activity and ingenuity of their new king was highly agreeable to the community of the mendicants, and his applauses resounded at all their meetings; but as fortune delights to change the scene, and of a sudden depress those whom she had most favoured, we now come to relate the misfortunes of our hero.

Going one day to pay a visit to Mr. Robert Incledon, at Barnstable, in Devon (in an ill hour which his knowledge could not foresee), knocking at the door softly, it was opened by the clerk, who accosted him with the common salutations of, "How do you do, Mr. Carew—where have you been?" He readily replied, that he had been making a visit to 'Squire Basset's, and in his return had called to pay his respects to Mr. Incledon: the clerk very civilly asked him to walk in; but no sooner was he entered, than the door was shut upon him by Mr. Justice Leithbridge, a bitter enemy to the whole community of mendicants, who had concealed himself behind it, and Mr. Carew was made a prisoner. So sudden.

are the vicissitudes of life! and misfortunes spring as it were out of the earth. Thus unexpected fell the mighty Cæsar, the master of the world; and just so frightened Priam looked when the shade of Hector drew his curtains, and told him that his Troy was taken.

He had some time before this, in the shape of a poor lame cripple, frightened either the justice, or his horse, on Pilton Bridge; but which of the two it cannot be ascertained with any great certainty. However, the justice vowed a dire revenge, and now exulted greatly at having got him in his power. Fame had no sooner sounded her hundred prattling tongues, that our hero was in captivity, but the justice's house was crowded with intercessors for him; however, Justice Leithbridge was deaf to all. At length a warrant was made out for conveying him to Exeter, and lodging him in one of the securest places in the city. Mr. Carew, notwithstanding his situation, was not cast down, but bravely opposed his ill fortune with his courage, and passed the night cheerfully with the captains who were his guard. The next day he was conducted to Exeter, without any thing remarkable happening on the road: here he was securely lodged for more than two months, and brought up to the quarter sessions held at the castle, when Justice Bevin was chairman. Being asked by the chairman what parts of the world he had been in, he answered, "Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales, and some part of Scotland:" the chairman then told him, he must proceed to a hotter country. He inquired into what climate, and being told *Meryland*, he, with great composure, made a critical observation on the pronunciation of that word, implying, that he apprehended it ought to be pronounced *Maryland*, and added, it would save him five pounds for his passage, as he was desirous of seeing that country.

Soon after he was conducted on board the *Juliana*, Captain Froade, Commander. After a good voyage they arrived at Hampton, and entered Miles's River, and cast anchor in Talbot Country. The captain then ordered notice to be given for the planters to come down, and then went ashore; he soon after sent on board a hogshead of rum, and ordered all the men prisoners to be closely shaved against the next morning. The captain then ordered public notice to be given of a day of sale, and the prisoners, who were pretty near a hundred, were all ordered upon deck, where a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters flocked on board to purchase — no one seemed inclined to purchase Carew, as he was no mechanic. The punch went merrily round. In the midst of their mirth, Mr. Carew thought it no breach of

good manners to take an opportunity of slipping away, without taking leave of them.

Mr. Carew having found he had eluded their search, congratulated himself on his happy escape and deliverance; for he now made no doubt of getting to Old England again, notwithstanding the difficulties which lay in his way. As he was travelling through the country, he was taken up by four timber-men, who carried him before a justice, who committed him, as he had no pass, to New-Town gaol. The commitment was directed to the under sheriff in New Town, who immediately waited upon him in the prison. Captain Froade hearing of his being there, came and demanded him as a runaway. He sent round his long-boat, paid all costs, and brought him once more on board his ship. The captain received him with a great deal of malicious satisfaction in his countenance; and in a tyrannic tone, bade him strip, calling to the boatswain to bring up a cat-o-nine-tails, and tie him to the main-gears; after undergoing this cruel punishment, he took him on shore to a blacksmith, and had a heavy iron collar placed round his neck, which, in Maryland, they called a pot-hook, and is usually put about the necks of the runaway slaves.

One night, when all were asleep, Carew let himself down into a boat that was alongside, and made his escape into the woods; he travelled till he came to the friendly Indians, who treated him kindly, and sawed off his iron collar. He one night seized one of the canoes, and boldly pushing from the shore, landed near Newcastle, in Pennsylvania. Mr. Carew being now got among his own countrymen again, soon transformed himself into a Quaker, pulling off the button from his hat, and flapping it on every side, he put on as demure and precise a look, as if his whole family had been Quakers.

The first house he went to was a barber's, of whose assistance he had great need, not having shaved his beard since he left the ship: here he told a moving story, saying, his name was John Elworthy, of Bristol; that he had been artfully kidnapped by one Samuel Ball, of the same place, and gone through great hardships in making his escape. The barber, moved by his tale, willingly lent him his assistance to take off his beard; during the operation they had a deal of discourse, the barber told him his father came from Exeter, and presented him with a half-crown bill, and recommended him to one Mr. Wiggil, a Quaker, of the same place; to whom he told the same moving story, and obtained a ten-shilling bill from that gentleman, and a recommendation to the rest of the Quakers of the place, from whom he received a great deal of money.

At New London he inquired if there were any of the name of Davey in that city; and being asked why, he replied, they were near heirs to a fine estate near Crediton, in Devon, formerly belonging to Sir John Davey, whose sons were timber-men: they asked a great many questions about the family; and he told them Sir John Davey was dead, and his eldest son also, who had left two sons; that the younger brother, Humphrey Davey, was then living at Creedy-house, and the little boys, somewhere about Exeter. They then gave him two letters to deliver to Mr. Humphrey Davey: after which, each gave him a guinea, with recommendations to one Justice Miller, and Captain Rogers, who was bound for England.

Captain Rogers having taken in his lading, which consisted of rice, tobacco, and pipe staves, set sail with a fair wind, and run to Lundy in a month and three days. After having proceeded to nearly the end of the voyage, the wind springing up a fresh gale, the captain ordered them to stand out to sea again. Towards the morning the wind was somewhat abated, and they stood in before it; but it being very hazy weather the captain ordered a good look out, crying, "My brave boys, take care we don't fall foul of some ship, for we are now in the channel." And soon after, the cabin boy hollows out, "Land! land!" Upon which the captain ran up the main-top-mast head, and found it to be Lundy Island. They then crowded all the sail they could for Lundy. When they came near, they perceived several ships lying at anchor, and made a signal for a pilot. One soon came on board, with whom the captain agreed for seven guineas to be piloted to Bristol. They then sailed to Appledore, Bideford, and Barnstaple, arriving in King's Road early in the morning.

Now were all the sailors, who had been so jovial before, struck with a dreadful panic, perceiving a man-of-war's boat making towards them. The man-of-war's men came on board the ship, and the lieutenant inquired from whence they came, and what passage. The captain replied, "From New London in a month and four days." He then asked how many hands were on board, and the captain said fifteen, and an old man, which was Carew; he then ordered them into his boat, leaving Carew on board. The captain then ordered the boat to put him ashore, and called to some of the sailors to help him over the ship's side.

Being safe on shore he travels on to Bristol; being now freed from his apprehensions of being pressed, at the first barber's he came to he got rid of his beard; then makes the best of his way to the Mendicant's hall, on Milehill. Just as he came there, the landlady and an old crony, a tinker's

wife, were standing at the door. As soon as the landlady espied him, she clapped her hands, and swore it was either Carew or his ghost. Our hero's first inquiry was, when they had seen his dear Polly, meaning his wife. The landlady told him, she had not seen her lately, but had heard that both she and his daughter were well; but that his wife never expected to see him more.

Mr. Carew soon called for a room, ordered dinner to be provided, and passed the afternoon very merrily.

He afterwards visited Exeter; and, going into St. Peter's church-yard, sees Sir Harry Northcote, Dr. Andrews, and two other gentlemen. He accosted them with, "God bless you, Sir Harry, Dr. Andrews, and the rest of the company." Sir Harry, staring very wistfully at him, cried, "Are you flesh and blood? — why, you can never have been in America!" Dr. Andrews then asked if it was Carew. The report being spread that he was in Exeter, drew a number of spectators to see him; and, among the rest, Merchant Davey himself, who asked him, in a very great hurry, if the ship was cast away. "No, no," says he, "I have been in America; have had the honour to see your factor, Mr. Mean, and saw Griffiths sold for a thousand weight of tobacco! But, did I not tell you I would be back before Captain Froade?" He then gave an account of several particulars, which convinced the gentlemen that he had really been in America. Mr. Davey asked him, if he had been sold before he ran away; and his replying he had not, the merchant told him jeeringly, then he was his servant still, that he should charge him five pounds for his passage, and five pounds for costs and charges, besides Captain Froade's bill. He next inquired, where he had left Captain Froade. Carew told him in Miles's River. The gentlemen then gave him money, as did likewise Merchant Davey.

Two months after this, came home Captain Froade, laden with tobacco. As soon as he came to an anchor, several gentlemen of Exeter going on board, inquired where he left Mr. Carew. "Damn him," replied the captain, "you'll never see him again: he ran away, was taken, put into New-Town gaol, brought back, and whipped; had a pot-hook put upon him, ran away with it upon his neck, and was never heard of since; so that, without doubt, he must be either killed by some wild beast, or drowned in some river." Laughing heartily, they told the captain he had been at home two months, which he swore could not be; however they confirmed him that it was so.

Soon after this, Mr. Carew went and paid his respects to Sir William Courtney, returning him thanks for what he had

supplied him with when he sailed for Maryland. In a little time Sir William came to him again, with his brother, Mr. Henry Courtney, who conducted him into a noble parlour, where was a great company of fine ladies sitting, whom our hero accosted with all that respect which is ever due to beauty and merit. Sir William then asked him jocosely, if he could find out which was his dove. He knew some of the ladies there; and that, unless his judgment deceived him, such a lady (singling out one of them) was the happy person. "You are right," replied Sir William, "this is my turtle dove." Sir William then put a piece of money into his hat, as did Mr. Courtney, and then bid him go round to the ladies, which he did, addressing them in a very handsome manner, and, we need not add, gathered a plentiful harvest.

The next day, at Moll Upton's, in Newton Bushel, he met a sister of that order of mendicants; and he having an inclination to pay a visit to Sir Thomas Carew's, at Hackham, soon made agreement to change habits for that day. The barber was then sent for, to make his beard as smooth as his razor could make it; and his hair was dressed up with ribbons. Thus metamorphosed, our hero sets out, having a wand in his hand, and a little dog under his arm. Being come to Sir Thomas Carew's, he rushes into the house without ceremony, demanding his rent in an imperious tone. None of the men servants being in the way, the women first ran one way, then another; but he, taking no notice of them, continued to act the mad woman, beating his head against the wall, kissing his dog, and demanding his rent. At last comes one of the women servants, saying, "Lady, you are welcome to your rent," and gave him half a crown; but he was not to be got rid of so easily, for now he fell a raving again, and demanded some merry-go-down; upon which they brought him some ale, which he having drunk, took his leave, thanking them with a very low courtesy.

It was about this time Carew became acquainted with the Hon. Sir William W——, in the following manner: Being at Watchett, in Somersetshire, near the seat of this gentleman, he was resolved to pay him a visit. Putting on, therefore, a jacket and a pair of trowsers, he made the best of his way to Sir William's seat, and luckily met Sir William, Lord Bolingbroke, and several other gentlemen and clergy, and some commanders of vessels walking in the park. Carew approached Sir William with a great deal of seeming fearfulness and respect; and with much modesty acquainted him he was a Silvertown man, and that he was the son of one of his tenants, named Moore; had been to Newfoundland, and in his passage homeward, the vessel was run down by a

In a little brother, Mr. noble parlour, whom our due to beauty, if he could of the ladies, such a lady. "You are e." Sir William Mr. Court- which he did, and, we need

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French ship in a fog, and only he and two more were saved; and being put on board an Irish vessel, was carried into Ireland, and from thence landed at Watshed. Sir William hearing this, asked him a great many questions concerning the inhabitants of Silverton, who were most of them his own tenants, and of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, all which Carew was perfectly acquainted with, and therefore gave satisfactory answers. Sir William at last asked him if he knew Bickley, and if he knew the parson thereof. Carew replied, he knew him very well; and indeed so he might, as it was no other than his own father! Sir William then inquired what family he had, and whether he had not a son named Bamfylde, and what was become of him. "Your honour," replies he, "means the beggar and dog stealer: I don't know what is become of him, but it is a wonder if he is not hanged by this time." "No, I hope not," replied Sir William, "for his family's sake: I should be glad to see him at my house." Having satisfactorily answered many other questions, Sir William generously relieved him with a guinea, and Lord Bolingbroke followed his example: the other gentlemen and clergy contributed according to their ranks. Sir William then ordered him to go to his house, and tell the butler to entertain him, which accordingly he did, and sat himself down with great content and satisfaction.

Some time after this, he took his passage at Folkstone, in Kent, for Boulogne, in France, where he arrived safe, and proceeded to Paris, and other noted cities of that kingdom. His habit was now tolerably good; his countenance grave; his behaviour sober and decent:—pretending to be a Roman Catholic, who had left England, his native country, out of an ardent zeal of spending his days in the bosom of the Catholic church. This readily gained belief: his zeal was universally applauded, and large contributions made for him; but, at the same time, he was so zealous a Roman Catholic, with a little change of habit, he used to address those English he heard of in any place, as a Protestant and shipwrecked seaman; and had the good fortune to meet an English physician at Paris, to whom he told this deplorable tale, who was so much affected by it, that he not only relieved him very handsomely, but recommended him to that noble patron of unexhausted benevolence, Mrs. Horner, who was then on her travels, from whom he received ten guineas, and from some other company with her, five more. After that, Carew returned to England, and being in the city of Exeter with his wife, walking upon the quay there, enjoying the beauties of a fine evening, meditating no harm nor suspecting any dan-

ger; he was accosted by Merchant Davey, accompanied with several captains of vessels, in some such words as these: "Ha! Mr Carew, you are come at right time; as you came home for your own pleasure, you shall go back for mine." They then laid hands on him, who found it in vain to resist, as he was overpowered by numbers: he therefore desired to be carried before some magistrate, but this was not hearkened to, for they forced him aboard a boat without the presence or authority of any officer of justice, not so much as suffering him to take leave of his wife, or acquaint her with his misfortune, though he begged the favour almost with tears. The boat carried him on board the *Philleroy*, Captain Simmonds, bound for America, with convicts, which then lay off Powderham Castle, waiting for a fair wind.

Carew was no sooner put on board, than he was strictly searched, and then taken between decks, where he was ironed down with the convicts.

The wind coming fair, they hoisted sail, and soon bade adieu to the English coasts. We need not describe what passed in Carew's breast at this time: anger and grief prevailed by turns—sometimes resentment, for being thus treated, fired his bosom, and he vowed revenge. After they had been at sea a few days on the passage, Captain Simmonds died, and Harrison the mate took the command of the ship. He had then the liberty allowed him of coming upon deck, where the captain entered into conversation with him, and jocosely asked if he thought he should be at home before him. He ingenuously replied he thought he should, at least he would endeavour to be so. At last, after sixteen weeks' passage, in the grey of the morning, they made Cape Charles, and then bore away for Cape Henry: at Hampton they took in a pilot, for Miles's River. Here they fired a gun, and the captain went on shore; in the meantime the men prisoners were ordered to be close shaved, and the women to have clean caps on: this was scarcely done before an overseer belonging to Mr. Bennet, in Way River, and several planters, came off to buy. The prisoners were all ordered upon deck: some of the planters knew Carew again, and cried out, "Is not this the man Captain Froade brought over, and put a pot-hook upon?" "Yes," replied Harrison, "the very same;" at which they were much surprised, making account he had been either killed by the wild beasts, or drowned in some river. "Aye, aye," replied Harrison, with a great oath, "I'll take care he shall not be at home before me." By this time several of the prisoners were sold; the bowl went merrily round, and several of the planters gave Carew a glass, but none of them chose to buy him.

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During this, Carew observing a great many canoes and boats lying alongside the vessel, thought it not impossible to take one of them, and by that means reach the shore. He, therefore, took an opportunity, just as it grew dark, of slipping nimbly down the ship's side, into one of the canoes, with which he paddled with as much silence and expedition as possible towards the shore. He had not gone far before the noise he made, gave the alarm that one of the prisoners had escaped. Harrison immediately called out to inquire which of them, and where Carew was; and being told he was gone off, swore he would rather have lost half the prisoners than him. All hands were then called upon to pursue; the captain and planters left their bowl; the river was covered with canoes, and every thing was in confusion. Carew was within hearing of this, but, by plying his canoe well, had the good fortune to get to shore before them. He immediately took to the woods as soon as he landed, and climbed up into a great tree, where he had not been many minutes, before he heard the captain, sailors, and planters, all in pursuit of him.

As soon as they were gone, he began to reflect upon his present situation, which, indeed, was melancholy enough, for he had no provisions, was beset on every side, quite incapable of judging what to undertake, or which course to steer. Here he sat all the succeeding day without a morsel of food. The next day, towards night, hunger became too powerful, and he was almost spent for want of food: in this necessity he knew not what to do; at last he happened to espy a planter's house at some distance. In the middle of the night going into the planter's yard, to his great joy found there a parcel of milch cows penned in, which he soon milked into the crown of his hat, making a most delicious feast. Having found out this method of subsisting, he proceeded forward in the same manner.

Upon the eighth day, he, being in a tree, discovered a lone house, near the skirts of the woods, and saw all the family, as he supposed, going out to hoe tobacco, and the dog followed them: this was a joyful sight to him. As soon, therefore, as he saw the family were out of sight, he came down from the tree, and ventured into the house, where he found not only plenty to satisfy his hunger, but what might be deemed luxury in his present condition; for there were jolly cake, gowell, a sort of Indian-corn bread, and good omani, which is kidney-beans ground with Indian corn, sifted, then put into a pot to boil, and eat with molasses. Seeing so many dainties, he did not hesitate long, but sat down and ate the omani.

Having satisfied his appetite, and borrowed the jolly cake, he made the best of his way to Ogle Town that night, and so to Old Town. In the dawn of the morning of the eleventh day, he came in sight of Duck's Creek; but being afraid he might fall into the hands of his pursuers, he strikes his way into the woods, towards Tuck Hoe, where staying all the day in a tree, he came back again, in the middle of the night, to Duck's Creek. As soon as he came here, he runs to the water-side to see for a canoe, but found them all chained: he, therefore, catches a horse, and making a sort of bridle with his handkerchief, swims him over to the other side.

The first house he came to was a miller's, who asked him from whence he came. He replied from the Havannah, from whence he had been released by an exchange of prisoners, and was now going home: the miller gave him a piece of that country money, and a mug of rum. He then set off again, and after travelling through the country and living by begging, he came to an old friend of his, who was surprised at seeing him there. He then told him in what manner he had been served: the other pitied him, and paid his passage to England, where he arrived at Bristol, and made the last of his way to Exeter.

Fame having soon sounded the arrival of our hero, brough every street in Exeter, several gentlemen flocked to the Oxford Inn to visit him, and amongst the rest Merchant Davey. This gentleman could not help being surprised at his ingenuity and expedition, in thus getting home twice before the vessel that carried him out: and Merchant Davey proposed making a collection for him, and began it himself with half a crown. Having received a handsome contribution, he returned the gentlemen thanks, and took his leave, being impatient to hear of his wife: he, therefore, goes to his usual quarters, and found them all in bed; therefore, he called out to the woman of the house, and his wife hearing his voice, immediately leaped out of bed, crying out it was her Bamfylde.

The next morning, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he went and paid his respects to Sir Thomas Carew, at Hackham; and Sir Thomas told him, that if he would forsake the mendicant order, he would take care to provide for him and his family.

Carew immediately embraced the generous offer. He soon after retired to a neat purchase which he had made, where he ended his days, beloved and esteemed by all.

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